The Icebergs.

Down from the northern seas the leeberge A stately train suffused with splendors Tremendous shapes appalling to the sight, With turrets, domes, and erags all kissed with flame: Cold, gittlering monsters which no man could

Impersonations of unearthly force!

As if by instinct sure they keep their course,
Defiant, stern, untouched by pity's claim
For helpless bark, nor fearing mightiest
fleet,
But, neath the war of elements they groan,
Drip ley tears, as angry waters eat
Their sides away. By ruthless winds they

Till cruel rocks arrest their wandering feet;
Or yie d. as proud strength must, to warmti

A THRILLING NARRATIVE. A Wonderful Escape from the San Diego Mines.

-Eugene Parsons.

Allen Wade, of Portage, Summit County, recently a convict in a Mexi-can prison, condemned to labor in a mine balf a mile beneath the surface of the earth, recently told the story of his sufferings to a representative of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I am 31 years old," he said, "and I feel as if I were twice that age. In 1878 I obtained employment on the Mexican Central Railway in the capacity of passenger conductor, and ran between Chihuahua and the City of Mexico. My treuble began on the 12th day of February, 1884. My train ran at the average rate of thirty-eight miles an hour and when I left Chihuahua that morning at 8 o'clock I told my engineer, McFarland, to slack up to ten or fifteen miles an hour in passing Sierra Blanco, a quarry twenty miles out, where about 1.0.0 Mexicans are emstone. Every pay day these laborers would get drunk and hang around the track, and as this was pay day I warned my engineer to slow up around the Sierga Blanco curve lest he might hart somebate. might hurt somebody. Well, it hap-pened just that way. McFarland saw a young fellow lying right across the Well, it haptrack and whistled for him severa times. The man moved, and my engineer thought he'd got off. He didn't, however, and was struck. Of course he was dead, and when we reached Domingo we were both arrested, Me-Farland and I. After a delay of three months we were taken to the City of Mexico and tried before the court of assizes, presided over by the Governor of Sonora.

THE CHARGE WAS MURDER. I had two Mexican attorneys and paid them \$11,000 to get me out, but the prejudice against Americans was very strong, and I was sentenced to two years imprisonment and to pay a line of \$500. McFarland's sentence was of \$500. McFarland's sentence was just twice as hard, four yests and \$1,000."

"But your term of service has not elapsed yet?" suggested the reporter.
"No," dryly remarked Mr. Wade,
"not yet. That is, not in the regular
fashion."

"When I got my sentence," he resumed, "I appealed to the American Minister, but nothing was done for me until I managed to get a letter to the St. Louis Giobe-Democrat, and then intervention was of no avail. I was taken to the Tortez Penitentiary, and employed as understeward. I made an impression of the key to the stockade, but just as I attempted to escape I was discovered and placed in irons. Then I was sent to the San Diego mines, 2,285 feet underground. My work compelled me to kneel all the timestriking a drill. A Mexican in the mine insulted me, and I knocked him down. For this I was sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on my bare back. but the sentence was suspended until my term of confinement should expire. met some men down there who had not seen daylight in nine years. After working in the mines three months the hydraulic pump. in use there gave out, and I told the capitano of the guard pair the machinery. The engineer sent for me and I stayed up two days fixing the numps. One of the men in charge to a certain secret society to which I belong, and he told me that i I could get up on the cage he would hoist me. According to agreement I returned to work, and on the third day

A BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

Three or four times I started, but each time my courage failed and my heart was in my mouth. At last I took my lamp off my hat and dashed it to the ground. That meant certain death for me if I was caught and I ran to the cage and gave the signal to hoist. Immediately the cage began to move, but I had not been lifted five feet when the three guard fired their double carbines at me. None of them hit me, however, and I was drawn up safely. Near the mouth of the mine I found a burro tied, and without asking any questions I mounted and made tracks for the American line. That day I rode seventy miles."

Mr. Wade halted a moment to mop big drops of perspiration from his fore-head. When he had cooled off a bit he said: "It is no wonder I get excited in telling my experience. It's only six weeks ago that I escaped, and I have never felt safe until I struck American soit. I made my escape on the 28th of May, and from that day I knew no rest for weeks. I traded my burro for a mustang, but one night the mustang got away from me and I had to foot it. Pootsore and famished I made my way through the prairies, getting a ride and a square meal here and there. The first American town I struck was Tombstone, A. T. There I was all

THE SUWANEE RIVER. A Description of the Beautiful Scenery Through Which It Flows.

The other day two or three of us, boon companions—well, there were some thirty or forty in the excursion went to that spot famous in song and story—the Suwance river. The to the gulf has already been described; suffice it to say that the trip was swif and agreeable. The jungles had lost none of their beauty, the splendid magnolias were in bloom, the grand oaks were garlanded with gigantle grapevines, and the moss was as gray silken, and fantastic as ever. One takes a small steamer going for some distance along the gulf, and, after a night's rest looks from the sheitered deck upon the lovely Suwance. The quite as large as the upper St. John's, bending in and out in innumer miles. In its clear waters you can see the fish leaping and swimming. Every bend throughout its entire course seems stretch more romantic and beautifu Nowhere is the verdure more tropical, and as far as the eye can reach one sees an unbroken line of symmetry. If some gardener had the care of the trees on either side his work would call for hearty admiration, but it is all the handiwork of nature, that magnifi-

to be broken, not a faded leaf can b seen, on a long vast, unbroken hedge of emerald, and underneath a greensward like a carpet, interlaced with lines of gold and bars of silver, where

the sun throws vivid or fainter beams down athwart the cool, deep shadows "Dar's whar de old folks lib," says a swarthy deckhand, as he doffs his rimless hat, showing broad white ivories and laughing back to laughing faces ashore. Sure enough, in yonder tiny bend is a little but built of logs, and two or three colored children stand on the greensward to see "de boat ride." As if to add pathos and reality to the poet's vision, there comes out an old, old man, his head whitened

with the frost of age, and stands lean-ing on a stick to watch us out of sight. And later on comes the moon to add to the witchery of the surroundings. Over yonder the river has washed in under the live oaks, the tall cypress, and the pines. Years ago the Indian and his wigwam dotted these shores. I have no doubt they were as wild, and perhaps as wayward, as their brothers of the west—rejoicing in scalps, bran-dishing the war-knife with savage satisfaction, and setting fire to the peace-ful habitations of the white settlers along the borders. In all probability the poetry of the splendid river was much of it lost upon their uncivilized natures, though its waters may have kept them cleaner than the majority of their race. They did have some musin them, however, for notice the names of their towns and rivers. By and by we reach a plantation, but it is in ruins. Yet it blends well with the soft sad beauty of the night. Whether or not it is "de ole plantation," who can tell. We know that once it was peopled with happy family groups, massa's children and massa's slaves. The tinkling notes of "de banjo" were heard under the eaves, the processang their plaintive melodies, while "de white folkses" took their ease on the now deserted lawn that slopes so gently down to the water's edge. We stop at several landings, at one of which are the famous and, wherever we go, the wonders of foliage, of color, of water and sky, challenge our admiration. It is the paradise of the South—the wonder wilds of Fiorida-and tourists who do not investigate its beauties have lost much that would make memory s pleasure. - Cor. San Francisco Chron-

The Carnage at Malvern Hill.

From General Fitz John Porter's account of the last of the contary we Battles in the August Century we While taking quote the following: "While taking Meagher's brigade to the front, I cross ed a portion of the ground over which a large column had advanced to at ack us, and had a fair opportunity of judging of the effect of our fire upon the ranks of the enemy. It was some-thing fearful and sad to contemplate; few steps could be taken without trampling upon the body of a dead or wounded soldier, or without hearing a piteous cry, begging our party to careful. In some places the bodies were in continuous lines and in heaps. In Mexico I had seen fields of battle on which our armies had been victori ous, and had listened to pitiful appeals; but the pleaders were not of my countrymen then, and did not, as now, cause me to deplore the effects of a fratricidal war.

"Sadder still were the trying scenes I met in and around the Malvern louse, which at an early hour that day had been given up to the wounded, and was soon filled with our unfortunate men, suffering from all kinds wounds. At night, after issuing order for the withdrawal of our troops, passed through the building and the adjoining hospitals with my senior medical officer, Colonel George H. Ly-Our object was to inspect the actual condition of the men, to arrange for their care and comfort, and to cheer them as best we could. Here, as usual. were found men mortally wounded by necessity left unattended by the surgeons, so that prompt and proper care might be given to those in whom there was hope of recovery. It seemed as if the physician was cruel to one in doing his duty, by being mer-ciful to another whose life might be

While passing through this improvised hospital I heard of many sad cases. One was that of the major of the Twelfth New York Volunteers, a brave and gallant officer, who was be leved to be mortally wounded. breathing his last, as was supposed, a friend asked him if he had friend asked him if he had any mes-sages to leave. He replied. Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended herself, my boy, and my flag. Then he asked how the battle had gone, and when told that we had been uccessful he said, God bless the old a--' and fell back apparently dead For a long time he was mourned as lead, and it was believed that he had expired with the prayer left unfinished on his closing lips. Though still an invalid, suffering from a wound then received, that billicer recovered to renew his career in the war, and now, for recreation, engages in lively contests of political warfare.

"On the occasion of this visit we frequently met with scenes which would melt the stoutest heart: bearded men piteously begging to be sent home, others requesting that a widowed moth er or orphan sisters might be cared for; more sending messages to wife or children, or to others near and dear to them. We saw the amputated limbs and the bodies of the dead hurried on of the room for burial. On every side we heard the appeals of the unattend-ed, the moans of the dying, and the shricks of those under the knife of the surgeon. We gave what cheer we There was no room then for ambitious opes of promotion; prayers to God for peace, speedy peace, that our days might be thereafter devoted to efforts to avert another war, and that never again should the country be afflicted with such a scourge, filled our hearts as we passed from those mournfulscenes.

How Artificial Teeth May Do Damage. Another agent in the combination to maintain for the man of advancing age his career of flesh-eater is the den Nothing is more common at this period of life than to hear complaints of indigestion experienced, so it is affirmed, because mastication is imper fectly performed for want of teeth The dentist deftly repairs the defective in plements, and the important function of chewing the food can be hence forth performed with comfort. But, without any intention to justify a doc-trine of final causes, I would point out the significant fact that the disappearance of the masticating powers is mostly coincident with the period of life when that species of food which most requires their action—viz., solid animal fiber—is little, if at all, required by the individual. It is during the lat-ter third of his career that the softer and lighter foods, such as well-cooked

cereals, some light mixed animal ac-vegetable soups, and also lish, for which teeth are barely necessary, are particularly valuable and appropriate. And the man with imperfect teeth who conforms to Nature's demand for a nild, non-stimulating dietary in ad vanced years will mostly be blessed with a better digestion and sounder health than the man who, thanks to his artificial machinery, can eat and does eat as much flesh in quantity and variety as he did in the days of his youth. Far be it from me to undervalue the truly artistic achievements of a clever and experienced dental surgeon of the comfort which he affords. By all means let us have recourse to his aid when our natural teeth fail, for the and when our natural teeth fail, for the purpose of vocal articulation, to say nothing of their personal appearance: on such grounds the artificial substi-tutes rank among the necessaries of life in a civilized community. Only let it be understood that the calef end of teeth, so far as mastication is concerned, has in advancing age been to a great extent accomplished, and that they are now mainly useful for the purposes just named. But I cannot help adding that there are some grounds for the belief that those who have throughout life from their earliest years consumed little or no flesh, but have lived on a diet chiefly or wholly vegetarian, will be found to have preserved their teeth longer than those who have always made flesh a promi-nent part of their daily food.—Sir

Henry Thompson, Monthly for August. BULLFROGS VS. CANARIES. Some Reasons Why the Former Are Pref-

Thompson, in Popular Science

I do not think the builfrog will ever usurp the eminence at present occu-pled by the canary in the c-teem of ceble-minded old maids, but for force of character and a steady devotion to the business of acquiring a living he can not be equaled by that popular nuisance. To my mind the canary is the simple embodiment of fiddlededee, and his recommendations as a pet are vastly inferior to those of the featherless but contemplative batrachian. canary costs a great deal to keep: One Queen Anne cottage cage of wire. \$2 00
Hook and wire jumper to hang same. 25
China bath-tub. 30
One and a hair pounds seed per month. 30
Cuttle-bone to whet bill on. 15

andpaper carpet, changed daily, per

Here is a capital of \$4 85 sunk, including the price of a bird, unless some friend in a burst of malignant generosity gives it to you, in which case you find it is a female and won't sing. or else has the mange or some other complaint equally disagreeable. There is nothing in the world so false as the friend who gives you a canary, for unless you can subsequently induce some imbecile acquaintance to take it off your hands you are in for at least four years of hempseed and misery. When civilization has grown a little older, I believe the gross imposition still practiced by even reputable church members will be classed in the penal code as an offense second only to burgiary and mayhem. Well, you start in, therefore, on your happy possession of a \$2 50 male bird in a \$2 00 cage, with a 25-cent jumper, and a 10-cent bath-tub, and you find yourself handcuffed to a running expense of 75 cents a month. At the end of the year you are out \$13 85 in eash, not counting the doctor-bills incident to the wear and tear of your nervous system. At this time, when you are thoroughly reckless, some malevoient lady ac quaintance suggests the propriety of your providing your affliction with a mate, and offers you the female bird necessary to the consummation of her fiendish design. Your sense of dan-ger being now blunted you fall into the trap, humbly accept this second curse, and enter into a pernicious and demoralizing course of bird housekeeping, from which, except by a general conflagration or a convulsion of na-At the end of the second year you find your home the permanent residence of an epidemic of canaries, occupying sixteen cages, and multiplying faster than maggots. Of course, you can now gratify the bitterness of your heart by making unlimited Christmas presents of secretly female birds to those whom you inwardly hate, but as the remander of your stock multiplies faster than your enemies this hellish subterfuge really affords you but little

Now, look at the bullfrog question. Even in the depth of winter and on Fourth avenue you can get a builfrog, warranted sound in every particular, for 25 cents. Here in Catskill you can slop around a marsh and get them for nothing. The gift of a builfrog has no hidden deception, a female being equal to the male as a marketable commodity, and as they are practically cell-bates in captivity you can make your family calculations to a nicety builfrog requires neither hempseed nor cuttle. He has too much self-respect to sit on a perch twiddling his perpetual dinner, and his only requirement in the way of furniture is a flat rock whereon he can lay low for flies, and bury himself in deep philosophy.

have four builfrogs in a and Maj. Spreckle is boss of the gang. The major has a mottled-green coat, white vest trimmed with freckles brown shorts, splay stockings, and bad eye; and whenever there is a weakness in the fly market the other frogs have to go hungry until he is so full he can't move. Tommy isn't big enough to thrash the major, but he wallops the two troglodyte frogs if Tommy isn't captured in the cave, which seems to relieve his feelings. These last un-fortunates, dressed in somber brown, like meek little Carthusians, have the alternative, in times of excitement, being kicked all over the tank or diving to the bottom and holding their breath in martyr attitudes until the trouble blows over. The operation of giving them a dinner is to shake the buzzing contents of a fly-trap into the tank, and quickly replace the gauze cover. After the first flurry the flies fall to braiding their hind legs and polishing their eyes after the custom of bine-bottles, and then the major gets in his line work by flipping his tongue at the nearest. All you can perceive is that the fly vanishes, while the major winks one eye in a slow but significant way. No fly escapes his deadly aim, which is point-blank at four inches. After filing away a couple of dozen he allows Tommy to take a whack, and then the abused troglo-dytes pop timidly up from the depths. and bearing carefully to windward of the major's kick proceed to go for the remainder. The limit of a builfrog's appetite is that of his skin stretched to its utmost. The major weighs two ounces when hungry, and he has fortywasps, and a June bug before extend-ing the courtesy of the larder to Tom-my. Their food is largely a matter of education. The general principle implanted in a builfrog's mind is that anything that moves is good to eat.

ereck the other day, and he gathered it in. He seemed vigorously surprised when I landed him, but dove back cheerfully on being released, popped up his head after a minute, swallowed the same book again. the same hook again, was again released, only to snap it up when tender-ed for the third time. This shows that a steadfast adherence to principle is one feature of the higher builfreg metaphysics. - Unlskill Letter to New York Times.

The Matchmaker's Enclid.

INTRODUCTION.

The art of matchmaking and eldestson hunting having been long since reduced to a science by the mammas of fashionable life, it has been thought desirable to embody the same in writ-ing for the benefit of posterity, and in accomplishing this task the method of Euclid has been followed, both as one which will be universally understood and as showing more clearly than any other the connection between the suc-

DEFINITIONS.

1. An undesirable partner is one who has no town-house, and whose income has no magnitude. 2. A doubtful partner is title without

3. The extremities of a ball-room are the best to flirt in. 4. A bad business is the plain incli-nation of two young people to one an-other, who meet together, but are not

in the same circles. 5. When one fair maiden "sits on" another fair maiden (for "outrageous flirting") so as to make the adjacent company notice her, each of the listeners will call it jealousy, and the fair maiden who "sits on" the other fair maiden will be called "too particular"

by them. 6. An obtuse angler is one who does not hook an eldest son.
7. An acute angler is one who does

hook an eldest son.

8. A term of endearment is the ex-

tremity of a flirtation.

9. A blue-stocking is a plain figure having one decided line which is called her crudition, and is such that when forming the center of a circle all young men will be found equally distant from that center.

10. A tigure is that which is compressed by a more or less confined

boundary.
11. A good figure is that compress ed within an inch of the owner's life 12. Dull partners are such as, being drawn out ever so well in all directions,

POSTULATES.

do not talk.

Let it be granted-1. That an eligible young man may be drawn by skillful management from any one young lady to any other young

2. That an engagement for one dance may be prolonged to any number of dances by a few fibs. 3. That a visiting circle may be ex-

tended to any extent from a West-end square, and may be made to include a marquis resident at any distance from that square.

AXIOMS.

1. If your daughter be married to nobody, the match is unequal.

2. If your daughter be married to

duke, the match is equal. 3. Ender sons are preferable to young-

4. It wealth be added to younger sons, the two are equal. 5. If wealth be taken from elder ons, the two are equal.

6. Two short lines may inclose a pro-7. If one young lady meets with too much attention, so as to make the inferior angels on either side of her equal to tearing her eyes out, this conduct, if continually repeated, shall at length meet "th such reprobation at the bands of the said angels as shall lead one to believe that they are not quite

To secure an aristocratic partner by the help of a given (finite) number of

charms. Let a talent for dancing A, and pair of fine eyes B, be the given finite number of charms. Let D be the aris tocratic partner.

It is required to secure D with AB. Bring B to bear on an old gentleman C, whom you know to be acquainted with D. Tell the decided fib E that you are not engaged for this dance Then, since the decided fib E is equal to a very broad hint, if the aristocratic partner D pass by at that moment, he

will be introduced. Then with your captive D, and to the tune of the last waltz out, describe the circle of the room, and if at any point of the dance you meet the gentleman G, to whom you are really engaged. consoling himself with a new partner H. let that be the point when the dancers cut one another.

Then since it has been shown that your line eyes B have had a great effect on the old gentleman C, much greater will be their effect on D; and with your charms A B you will have secured an aristocratic partner D. Wherefore, etc.,

-A. M. Heathcots in Longman's.

A French-Canadian Hotel.

The house was new, and appeared clean and comfortable. The host was a French Canadian, who, to do him justice, tried to do his best for the accommodation of his guests, but, un-fortunately for the comfort of our party, his knowledge of hotel-keeping was limited. The house was filled with summer boarders, which mean, in Canada, tribes of children with their mammas and nurses. Not a masculine was to be seen anywhere (they knew better). When the boarders descended to the dining-room with appetites that would have done ample justice to a good meal, they were appallby the heterogeneous mixture of ba mothers, and nurses who had possession of every table in the room. when at last a space was cleared by one of the waiters for the quartette, it was to sit down to soiled table linen and the refuse of food left by the last relay of babies. Meanwhile the respective mothers glared at the intrudrs . and passed audible remarks of a disagreeable nature anent the new arrivals. The landlady followed her disgusted guests out of the dining-room. and apologetically explained matters by saying they never had taken sum-mer boarders before; but they were anxious to get their house paid for, and they thought it would help. "But, mon Dicu! we lose money all the time. We have thirty-live children in the house, the oldest only ten years old, and when they are not quarreling the nurses are."-Agnes Fraser Sandham, in Harper's Magazine for August.

There are between 35,000 and 37,000 Indians on reservations in Arizona. About 18,000 square miles or 11,520,-000 acres of land are set apart for

A REMARKABLE MILL.

In Which Most Everything is Made and the Gospel Is Preached.

On the old county road leading from Faunton to New Bedford, about three miles from Taunton green, at the head of a large pond, stands a building of a large pond, stands a building whose history is so peculiar and whose trees are so many that it can properly be classed among the wonders of the old colony. It was erected about fifty years ago by Josiah King for a fork works. A few years afterward it was sold to William Pierce, who now owns it. In appearance it is no more peculiar than the ordinary arms of constructions. liar than the ordinary run of country saw-mills. Its age rests lightly upon it, and, barring accidents, it is likely to remain a landmark for at least fifty years to come. Its history, told by one who lives near it, is as follows:

"On the lower floor of the building are three rooms. In one is a grist-mill, in another machinery for sawing and splitting wood and cider making, and the third is used for a church and for holding various kinds of entertain-ments. Grain is brought here from miles around and ground into meal for fodder' and cake-making. On any day during the fall you will see half i dozen old farmers gathered about discussing things in general, and waiting for their little grist to be ground. Meal made from corn of their own raising is thought far superior to any that can

be bought at the store.
"I asked an old man one day why he did not use bolted meal. 'I've used meal of my own and father's raisin' for meal of my own and lather standard over sixty year' an' its good enough f' me. I don't b'live in s' many newfangled notions just gut ip t' git money out ov us poor farmers.' Of course he out ov us poor farmers.' Of course he must have his clum-y joke on the end: 'I c'n bolt my own meal fast enui when 'ts made into cakes.'

"In the early fall the old mill is kept running night and day making cider. Hundreds of cartloads of apples are ground up and the juice squeezed out. An upright barrel with one head out stands always full of the fermented juice, and a cup near by invites everybody to help himself. One day a small boy wandered in. He could not reach over the top of the barrel to the cider, so he made an inclined plane of a board and crawled up on it. reached down to dip a cupful of the coveted liquid. The board tipped up and the young man went in head first Luckily so recone heard the splash and rushed into the room just in time to save the youth from a cidery grave. This boy has now grown up to be an active temperance worker. Cider-drinking parties are often held here, and the person who drinks the most is voted the champion. I once saw a young man drink ten glasses in rapid succession. When this part of the mill is not in use for eider-making wood is sawed and split here, and the same old farmers who bring their own corn to ave it ground to save money wil bring a load of wood and have it re duced to the proper size for stove-burning. Years ago this part of the mill was used for sawing box-boards and shingles, and more recently as

furniture factory. "In all the years the old mill has been running there has been but one accident. One day the mill was sawing shingles, when a young man with a sear about his neck came in. He got too near the shafting, and it, caught him by the searf and began to throw him around and around. Before the mill could be stopped his boots and stockings were torn from his feet in shreds, and four of his ribs and an arm

were broken.
"The room used as a church is such as the old puritans worshiped in. Except in midsummer and midwinter eetings are held there regularly Sunday evenings, and on week-day even ngsfairs, festivals, and 'sewing circles often make merry in this room. Not infrequertly in winter a dance draws the young people to the old mill.

"I distinctly remember one evening prayer and praise meeting that I atonded here. The minister was an man and very near-sighted. In the course of the evening he began to cough, and not being able to control it he asked for someone to fetch him a glass of water. It was early fall, in eider-making time, and in the second room beyond stood the fuil barrel and a glass near it. A young scape grace quickly responded to the of the minister, but instead of bringing water he filled the glass with cider, and with a sober face took it up to the preacher. The audience discovered the trick and reached for handkerchiefs. The unsuspecting old gentleman raised the glass to his lips, and without stop-ping to taste or smell, swallowed the whole of it. Such a look of horror as came over his face, when he realized the trick I will not attempt to describe The audience smiled and tittered, but the minister immediately regained his composure, and said not a word. "One of the most pathetic scenes

ever witnessed was the funeral of little child in the church-room of the The parents were old mill. hard-working people, and the dead baby was the only one God had given them. It was a beautiful little giri, as fair as though its parents had been of royal blood instead of being too poor to provide a coffin for the little thing. Kind neighbors had bought a little white robe of some cheap cloth and trimmed it with blue ribbons. They put flowers about the room in the olmill in rude vases and caps, and gathered reverently about the mourn ng parents, while the minister said few kind words and prayed to Goo strength to bear their great grief, Surely, like the mills of the

this mill grinds all .- Taunton (Mass.) Cor. Boston Globe.

The Secret of Washing.

To dress and iron white shirts so as to make them keep their color and pure and glossy, soak the shirts in cold water the night before washing them, but first of all soap them partially. Wash them thoroughly in hot suds and rinse abundantly. Leave them to clear in blued hard water one night. Dry them next day in the open air, if po sible. Starch the fronts, neck-band and cuffs with starch made as follows Set one o nee of gum arabie in half pint of boiling soft water; let it stand twelve hours. Pour it carefully into a bottle and cork it. This is used combination with boiled, but never with raw starch. Or: Take one ounce of spermaceti and one ounce of white wax; melt and run them into a thir cake on a plate. A piece the size of a shilling added to a quart of prepared starch gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes and prevents the iron sticking The starching being thus completed let it be then seen that the irons are scrupulously clean, and shine brightly Use them hot, and drive swiftly. The secret of well-colored clothes is bleach ing in the sun and drying in the open air. Rinsing is an important proces the laundry; it ought to be done till the water runs off as clear as when let Sodas and washing powders yel

white clothes.

The Fall of Khartoum

Grizmer and ever more ghastly become the stories of the fall of Khartoum. That told by a Greek refugee who survived the storm of the ill-fated city is full of lurid light. There are passages that remind us of Carlyle. When the city was betrayed he heard a behavior and a story of the story of the city was betrayed in the city was better the city was betrayed in the city hideous uproar, as of men shouting and yeiling and of women wailing, around about on all sides. "Men with frightful gashes on their faces and limbs lying by and towards us; women with torn garments and disheveled hair-shricking, screaming, Jesu Christo!" Gordon, according to the Greek, was shot by an Arab in his palace as he was reading the Bible; his head was cut off and carried about the city on a spear. His body was then cut into little pieces. Gordon's head was taken over to the Mahdi. A grim, savage smile passed over his face. He gazed long at the countenance of his late enemy. "God be praised!" he cried. "Can this be he?" Horrible, indeed, was the scene in the bazaar, where gay curtains and bright satins lay smeared and splashed

with blood, making strange contrast with the naked bodies of the numerous dead. "One corner was so full of corpses and dying that we could not get by. I had my hands tied, and I fell several times in the road, slippery with blood." All this may be repeated to Cairo yet.—Pail Mail Gazette.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Are you having much practice?" in-quired Judge Smith the other day of a young member of the Rockingham (N. H.) bar, who had just tried his first divorce suit. "Yes, Your Honor, a great deal," was the reply. "Ah! I am glad to hear of it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy." The Judge called the next case.

"We encourage the interchange of visits with the patrons of other re-Sorts," said the proprietor of a leading Summer hotel; when our people are away for the day they pay for the din-ners they don't have, and when their friends return the call they pay for the dinners they do have, so we gain both ways.

A gentleman came home in the "wee hours ayont the twal," at the sma' South End recently, and was surprised to find his wife clad in black are you wearing these movening garments?" he said, somewhat unsteadily. "For my late husband," was the significant reply. He has been in the house at 10 ever since. - Boston Budgat.

New York policemen are being instructed in politeness and courtesy to their prisoners. In future when they club a man it will not be with a vulgar piece of locust, but with a French pol-ished rosewood baton, which will make a man who gets a clip over the head feel as if he was being pounded by an earthquake perfumed with attar of roses.

A Persian philosopher, being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant." Ac-cording to this notion, a 5-year-old boy traveling in the cars with his mother ought to acquire enough knowledge in a journey of fifteen miles to split his head wide open.

An exchange says that to get the full flavor of butter, the bread upon which it is spread should be inserted in the mouth buttered side down. that the buttered side up is the general custom is an indication of a general and perhaps hereditary disinclination to get the full flavor of the butter. We have known the flavor of butter to be so full as to fairly stagger. - Spring

A funny illustration of superstition occurred in the city last week. A negro employed by a grocer on Forsyth street was bargaining with Maj. Black for a hive of bees, and after settling about the price he said: "I pay you now, loss, an' den I gwine ter go an' hire Dick to come 'teal 'em fus' chance he git." "Why do you want to take all "Why do you want to take all rouble?" "O, boss, ef I do'n that trouble?" 'teal 'em dev'll run away, and won' do well at all .- Americus (Ga.) Record

"I remember," said a Detroit boy to his Sunday school teacher, "you told me always to stop and count fifty when angry." "Yes? Well, I'm glad to hear It cooled your anger, didn't it?' You see, a boy he came into our alley and made faces at me and dared me to fight. I was going for him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got pulverized, I remembered what you said and began to count." "And you didn't fight?" "No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty two my big brother came along, and the way he licked that boy would have made your mouth water. I was going to count tifty and then run."

It is almost impossible to keep up with the times in these agonizing days The newest wrinkle in æsthetic circle is for a young lady to artistically deco rate a miniature trunk, ostensibly for collars and cuffs, with scenes from noted Summer resorts and forward i by messenger boy to her best young man. If the trunk ever gets there i will signify, "Isn't it an appropriate season for a wedding trip?" If the bait is successful the young man's tailor gets an order for some new and very nice clothes. - Hartford Post.

"I am planning a drama of the Twentieth Century," murmured the fair-eyed poet, as he ran his off-fingers through his asparagusyan curls. scene will be laid in Canada, and the story will involve the passionate between an ardent patriot of that land and an American girl who is 'a young thing and cannot leave her mother.' A happy solution is offered by the project of annexation. It as put to vote; the lovers rejoice by telegraph over the early returns; but, alas! the solid vote of the new ex-American bank Presi dent, cashier, and paying-teller citizens bury the measure beyond hope of redemption! Tragical tableaux to end the play!" And the poet's auditor said, "Great Scott!"—N. Y. Tribune.

A touch of humor of an unpremedi tated character enlivened a recent commencement. A young woman, who was reading with fine effect her grad uation essay, quoted from "Hamlet" as follows:

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak's

Did coidly furnish forth the marriage tables. As a surprised smile which soon be came laughter showed the amusement of the audience the graduate looked up in wonderment, and, not understand ing the interruption, calmly continued her reading. She apparently was not aware that she had betrayed her Connecticut descent by substituting for "bak'd meats" the cultured and always appreciated but hardly Shakspearean dish of "bak'd beans.

Miss Louise Alcott was once with party in the midst of the miseries of seasickness, when she gasped out:
'They name ships Asia, and Scotia and
Persia. Why don't they name one
Nausea?'' Everybody laughed, evcept

one pretty little woman, who, failing to see anything amusing in this, ex-claimed: "I think it would be a very disagreeable name. I wouldn't want to sail in a ship called 'Nausea.'" This reminds "Margery Deane," of the Boston Transcript, of a young man-who would have been called a dude, only his kind had not then been named —who, when trying to give an answer to the then new conundrum, "For what was Eve made?" could get no nearer than this. "It was for some express company down town, but which one I

weally cawn't wemember. Yes, it is a terrible bondage. It is a slavery. Yes, I inhale the smoke, and then blow it out again. It is very silly, is it not? I do the same thing with my breath. Some breaths are much pleas-anter far, far away. Why do I smoke cigars? Because I am the biggest, and therefore the cigar can not help itself. It is an economical habit; the smoke of the cigar keeps the moths out of my hair. Then I use tobacco to preserve human life. Science tells me that three drops of the oil of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a rattlesnake or a dog will kill either or both of them in a minute. I tremble to think how many times I walked in the very shadow of death before I began to carry a plug of tobacco around with me. Now when I meet a mad-dog I am secure. He may bite me, but I will kill him. The can-nibal who eats me will dream that night that he got hold of the wrong prescrip-

"Mr. Snicklefritz," said the Austin "Mr. Snicklefritz," said the Austin Recorder to the accused, a saloon-keep-er, "you are charged with having as-saulted this lawyer, and by the looks of his head you must have used great violence." "A glass of peer flew to his head, schudge." "I know," said the Recorder, pensively, "that beer will fly to a person's head if not taken in y to a person a mean inderate doses, but that does not ex-lain the scalp wounds." "Dot glass y mit der peer to his head." "Oh, plain the scalp wounds." "Dot fly mit der peer to his head." you hit him on the head with a mug of beer. Why didn't you say so at once instead of dropping into poetry? What was the provocation?" "Dot shay-hawk lawyer," said Snicklefritz, "come to my saloon drunk, and say, 'Hello, Dutchy, why don't you put your lim-berger cheese on ice so it don't spoil so soon?' I say I would not hef dot, and a glass of peer fly to his head. Texas Siftings.

President Cleveland's Grandfather.

President Cleveland's grandfather was the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, born at Haddam, Connecticut, Febuary 3, 1744. Mr. Cleveland was a Federalist of the chool of Jay and Hamilton, whom he supported with more than ordinary zeal, and perhaps not without something of the prejudice which ranked all Jeffersonians with French fatalists and

intidels. Many stories are told illustrating his power of repartee. Among them is the following: On horseback one day Mr. Cleveland was riding from Middletown to Durham; a little stream bounded the limits of the townships. He halted to water his horse; meanwhile a young nan, having come from the oppos direction, drew rein so suddenly as to ender the water by the disturbance unfit to serve for drink.

"Good-morning, Mr. Minister," said the youth. Good-morning, Mr. Democrat," re-

plied the reverend gentleman.
"And pray why did you take me for "And pray why did you take me for a Democrat?" queried the young man.
"Pray why did you take me for a minister?" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.
"Oh," said the fellow, "that is plain enough—by your dress."
"And that you are a Democrat is

plain enough by your address," was the

retort of the preacher.
While visiting in New Haven, Connecticut, Mr. Cleveland died suddenly. September 21, 1815. His remains were interred in a cemetery in that city. His inheritance was a much-loved, respect-

ed, and stainless name. e man of whom we must not be mistaken for his the great-grand-father of President Cleveland, although each was called Aaron, and both were ministers of the The elder became a resident of Halifax the year subsequent to the founding of that city. He there estabished what was known as "Mather's Church," so called after the great New England divine of that time. His pas-torate continued five years; during that period he founded a church library. Many of the volumes were his gift. The library is still in existence, and a number of the books containing his autograph presentations may still be

A Scottish preacher succeeded Mr. Cleveland, and the society has since that date been known as "St. Matthew's." It was the first organized Presbyterian Church in the British ower provinces. To-day it is the fash-onable church of that denomination in Halifax. The word is preached from the old-fashioned box-like pulpit, to which the minister ascends by two long winding stairways. The pews are, as in the ancient time, padded throughout with searlet, and the British "red-coats" constitute a large por-tion of the audience in the high gallery that reaches around three sides of the building.—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for August.

A Peep into Nature's Laboratory.

There is in the town of Phœnixville to-day an exemplification of the opera-tions of nature as displayed in the formation of coal, where it can be found in actual process to transformation from vegetable matter to a soft soapy carbonic substance, and the latter gradually changing to lignite and then again into soft coal of the bituminous form. Go along the Pennsylvania Schuylkill Valley railroad, between the first passenger station of that system and the next one, and you will find a force of men cutting down the bank there, eighteen or twenty feet high, and amid those rocks, perhaps three feet above the railroad track, you will observe a black seam. That black seam is alaboratory of nature. From above before the Morgan house was removed and the surrounding bank, big trees sent their roots down through the soil and then through the crevices of the rocks till they reached the seam in question, which in time they filled with roots and fibres.

The trees above died and the roots

and fibres confirmed in the seam began to work, chemical changes took place, carbon was evolved, and coal was the result. The laboratory was opened by the building of the railroad before the slow process was fully completed, so that you can find there to-day the vege-table and carbonized matter and lignite and coal together, proving, indeed, that the popular thought that coal grows is true.

Edward Judson (Ned Buntline) has written between 300 and 400 serial stories, and once wrote a 610 page book in sixty-two hours. He is now sixty-three years old, and lives on his fine stock farm on the unner belowers